

Center of European Interest is the Balkan War Situation; Montenegrin Women Active



MACEDONIAN REFUGEES WAITING TO RETURN TO THEIR HOMES IN THE WAKE OF THE GREEK ARMY



WOUNDED MONTENEGRINS IN HOSPITAL AT CETINJE

BEATEN BY HUNGER, TURKS
FLED FROM BATTLE A MOBWounded Fell by Wayside to Perish of Exposure, While Many
Abandoned Equipment to Lessen Burdens

LONDON, Nov. 23.—The special correspondent of the Daily Telegraph with the Turkish army—E. Ashmead-Bartlett—has sent to his paper a vivid description of the Turkish disasters at Kirk Kilisse and the flight of the Ottoman army. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was in Constantinople before the great battle. When he finally reached the front he was so fortunate enough not to be herded as a prisoner with the other correspondents, so that his illness proved a blessing in that he was enabled to see the great flight from beginning to end, and to escape from Turkish territory in time to send his paper a complete description of the most amazing military debacle of modern history.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett telegraphs: "I do not know at this hour if the retreat was ordered by Abdullah Pasha, or if the troops voluntarily abandoned their positions and took to flight. Probably an orderly retreat was arranged, but speedily developed into a savage rout.

The scenes on the road baffled description from my pen. They recalled to mind a picture I have seen somewhere of the flight of the French army after Waterloo, or one of Napoleon's retreats from Russia. Not a vestige of order remained. Whole brigades and divisions had broken up. The men made no efforts to preserve their places in the ranks. The strongest simply got to the front, and the weak, sick and wounded struggled painfully behind. Thousands of wounded made pathetic efforts to keep up with their comrades, but each had to shift for himself, as not even the unwounded were in a condition to lend a helping hand. Many of the unwounded were so weak that they fell by the roadside and made no further effort to save themselves.

Three Days Without Food
"For three days all these men had been without a morsel of food, and many for even a longer period. Only soldiers possessing the wonderful constitution of the Turks could have stood the strain.

"The further we receded from the battlefield the worse the scene became, because many of the wounded, having dragged themselves thus far, could go no further, and, crawling off the track, lay down to die by the roadside without a curse or reproach at the authors of all their miseries. Sometimes when a man had died his comrades would stop a moment and dig a shallow grave, but the majority of the corpses were left just where they lay.

"At every village crowds of stragglers invaded the houses in search of food, digging up roots in the gardens and eagerly devouring raw cabbage and turnips—anything edible they could find.

"On the high ground halfway to Tchobuz, we had a good view of the whole of the countryside, which presented a most extraordinary sight. Along every road men, horses, guns and ox wagons were pressing forward, all converging on the two roads which lead into Tchobuz. There were about forty or fifty thousand stragglers scattered over the plain, all bent on reaching the town before nightfall. Many became so exhausted from want of food that they simply could not go any further, and lay down to sleep where they were. What became of them I do not know.

Marching With Bare Feet
"Many of the fugitives had abandoned their kits and equipment to lighten their burdens. A still larger number flung away their boots, preferring to march with bare feet. But to their credit let it be said that very few abandoned their rifles.

"The more I reflect on the amazing debacle of the Turkish army of Thrace the more natural does it seem. It is the greatest military disaster that any nation has suffered since Sedan. It has utterly destroyed the army's power of taking the offensive again in the Balkan war, and it is extremely doubtful if the Turks can hold the far-flung lines of Chatalja, which are probably just as big a bluff as everything else Turkish has proved itself to be.

"It is impossible for me to describe severely enough the utter state of chaos, of mass, muddle and make-believe which exists throughout all branches of the army. Had the Turkish soldier been supplied with even one biscuit a day he might have held his ground against the invader, and I am convinced that he has been defeated more by sheer starvation than by any other single factor.

"Looking back on last week's tragedy, it is almost impossible to understand how the wretched private soldier, exhausted for three days without a scrap of food, without any shelter, and yet covered himself with glory. The most splendid material has been sacrificed on the altar of stupidity, conceit, self-satisfaction and the grossest ignorance.

The Turkish army has no general staff capable of running a country crisis. The army has no generals who seem even to have grasped the most elementary principles of modern warfare. The army has no communications, and its trains are so slow that it is impossible to move it. With a whole line of railway behind them, within fifty miles of the capital, the authorities could not feed a brigade, and, realizing this fact, they, with true oriental apathy, made no effort to feed four army corps, but left them to starve, trusting to Allah to produce means and quell

STRANGE ILLNESS OF
CZAR'S SON AND HEIRMalady of the Middle Ages With
Which Many Princes Are
Affected
BLEEDING ITS FEATURE

LONDON, Nov. 23.—The recent pronouncement of the czar's physicians concerning the illness of the careworn—that the boy is a haemophilic or a "bleeder"—is the subject of interesting comment in the current issue of the Hospital.

It is stated that this strange and terrible malady, whose victims bleed excessively after comparatively slight injuries, has occurred at intervals among the sons of European royal families since the middle ages, and that at present many princes are suffering from it.

"In popular language, the victims of this constitutional tendency to bleed excessively have been said to have 'only one skin instead of three.' The truth is, of course, that haemophiles have just as many skins as any one else (to wit, one); but that their blood lacks to a greater or lesser degree that power of coagulation or clotting which in normal persons leads to natural arrest of hemorrhage after any accept very serious injuries to large blood vessels.

"At the present time it would seem that haemophilia is more prevalent than ever among princes. The late duke of Albany suffered from it, and eventually died of it. The second son of the king and queen of Spain is said to be afflicted by it, and to be incurably deaf in consequence of hemorrhage into the internal ear.

"Rumors are also current that the Hohenzollerns are not exempt from it, and that some of Queen Mary's relations are afflicted to a slight degree. The disease hardly ever occurs in females; but it is handed down almost exclusively through the female line."

SCIENTIST CLAIMS
NEW CANCER CURETwenty Patients Alleged to Have
Recovered Under His
TreatmentPARIS, Nov. 23.—Dr. G. Odin has prepared for the Society of Comparative Pathology an account of the results obtained with his new anticancer serum.

The doctor states that he discovered the specific microbe of cancer in the blood of more than 100 patients, and that analysis of blood now enables him to diagnose cancer wherever that terrible malady exists in a patient under observation.

For the last four years Doctor Odin has been working on this subject, and he now declares that he has secured a serum which really cures cancer by killing the protozoa. This serum is applied in double intramuscular injections in a fleshy part—one injection with an organic base, the other with a chemical base. The treatment lasts from thirty to thirty-five days.

One patient who was cured by Doctor Odin's serum was a gentleman who had undergone two operations for cancer on the face, and who last August was declared to be in a hopeless condition. Today he is in good health. M. Regnier, a youth of 22, who had a sarcoma on the thigh, had twice been operated upon and had not been able to stand up for two years. He has also completely regained his health.

Doctor Odin has a list of more than twenty other cases where a double operation had been performed, where a third could not be undertaken, and where the patient had been given up as hopeless and is now completely cured.

SULTAN'S HOUSEHOLD
IN FEAR OF INFIDELWomen of the Imperial Harem in
a State Bordering Upon
Panic
EVER READY FOR FLIGHT

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 23.—There was no doubt of consternation at Dolmabahche Palace, which the sultan inhabits with his household.

The fear that the Bulgarian army may after all manage to break through the Tchatalja lines and enter the city has become active in the minds of those responsible for the safety of the city, and this fear has been communicated to the royal palace.

Every preparation for flight has been made. Boats are ready in the Bosphorus adjoining the palace grounds, and the flight to Asia, first to Scutari and thence to Broussa, could be accomplished at a moment's notice.

Nevertheless, the women of the imperial harem, with their attendants, numbering many dozens, are in a state bordering on panic, and the chief eunuch has been making daily rounds of the apartments, trying to reassure the female members of the household that there is no danger and that the army is still able to defend the capital against the infidel. But with all these efforts there is no doubt of panic in the harem.

There are no great treasures to take away. When Sultan Abdul Hamid was deposed his priceless collections were confiscated and distributed, so that little of great value was left to his successor, and Yildiz Kiosk, where Abdul Hamid lived, was closed permanently. The sultan remained in his old home, where he had been a prisoner for so many years.

Kiamil Pasha is constantly in attendance on the sultan, who awaits with feverish anxiety any reports from the front, hoping against hope that victory may yet come to the Ottoman arms.

BLACK HAND WARNS
RUSSIAN VIOLINISTThreat of Assassination Accompanies Their Demand
for MoneyCOPENHAGEN, Nov. 23.—Much excitement has been caused here by a blackmail demand on the Russian violinist, M. Yama Mitnitsky, who is concert touring in Denmark. The letter was typewritten in the Russian language and signed "The Black Hand."

M. Mitnitsky was ordered to send \$50 by mail to the Russian political fugitives in Denmark. If he refused, the letter said, "You will be assassinated by the anarchist executive committee."

The violinist handed the letter to the Danish and Russian criminal investigation department. The police declare the letter to be one of the ordinary writings of the "Black Hand" gangs scattered all over the world.

M. Mitnitsky is seriously affected by the letter, and has provided himself with two Browning pistols. He declares that two members of his own family in Russia have been assassinated by "Black Hand" criminals.

Insurrection in Liberia
BERLIN, Nov. 23.—It is announced officially at Berlin that an insurrection has broken out on the West coast in Liberia. German factories have been plundered and the lives of German farmers in the interior are in danger. It is reported that a German warship will be dispatched.

Rat Builds Nest in Trap
LONDON, Nov. 23.—On G. Monk's farm, at Haleswood, Essex, a rat has built its nest in a trap, and has reared a litter of young.

JAP AUTHOR'S IDEA
OF THE IDEAL WIFESix Essential Points He Holds
Absolutely Necessary to
Perfection
GIVES FRIENDS WARNING

TOKYO, Nov. 23.—Mr. Ichiba is a famous Japanese author, better known, however, for his eccentricities than for his literary ability.

His first wife died in April last, after ten years' patient endurance of his literary temperament, and, in the same month, he immediately set about finding another partner. He commissioned all his friends to keep their eyes open for a suitable person, and gave a standing order to the various matrimonial agencies in the capital to report immediately any likely candidate for the honor of being the second Mrs. Ichiba.

He laid down six primary conditions which the successful candidate would have to fulfill. They were:

The lady must have passed through all the various conditions of life and the various phases of society, from A to Z, as only by ripe experience can perfection be attained.

Except the clothes she should stand up in she should have no worldly possessions whatsoever.

She must be severed from her family entirely.

She must contract to keep the kitchen and bathroom absolutely spick and span and ready for instant use.

Her style of hairdressing must be a la mode Japonaise—no foreign frills, pads, switches or tresses to be permitted.

She must stand five feet high in her tabi, and her limbs and body be "of a proper plumpness"—as to face, features and other points, these were not to matter.

Mr. Ichiba looked over forty-seven candidates before being satisfied with a woman 25 years old, whose experience of life appears to have been such as to meet with the eccentric author's approval.

SUICIDE UNRAVELS
MURDERS MYSTERYMan Strangles Woman, Then
Tries to Dig Her Grave
With His Hands

PARIS, Nov. 23.—The mystery surrounding the strangling of a woman in the Bois de Boulogne has been solved in dramatic circumstances. The woman, Juliette Souavin, was discovered by two women who, passing through the wood, saw a man kneeling on the ground frantically scrapping out a grave with his hands. When observed he disappeared in the woods.

On the day following the Baron Gedella, trustee to the family of the late Duc and Duchess de Bellune, who lived in the district, committed suicide. By his body was a letter stating, "I killed myself at 2.40 on November 1, 1912."

The baron's funeral was just about to take place when Doctor Hochard, the police surgeon, ordered a postmortem. He had been unable to sleep, he said, owing to a persistent impression that the circumstances of the baron's suicide ought to be cleared up. Medical proofs established that the baron's statement of the date of his death was incorrect.

The scratches on the baron's nails and fingers, the doctor thought, pointed to some connection with the murder of Juliette Souavin. Yesterday it was established that he was with the woman in the Bois de Boulogne on the night of her death. The pair are supposed to have quarreled and in a moment of anger the baron is believed to have strangled her. Then, driven insane by fear, he tried to scratch a grave in which to hide the body, but took refuge in flight when discovered.

WOMAN ON TOUR
OF AFRICAN WILDSDressed in Man's Clothing Mrs.
Marguerite Roby Travels
3500 Miles
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Mrs. Roby, who is still suffering from the effects of tropical illness, described her adventures in an interview yesterday. She was frequently deserted by her porters and guides and left stranded. She narrowly escaped death in a charge made by a herd of wild buffaloes. She shot four of the animals in less than twenty minutes, when all her attendants had fled. In many districts she was the first white woman to be seen by the natives. On one occasion, she had a lively hour or two in a wild, almost barbaric, part of the lower Congo. She had only one black boy to escort her, and she sat down by the side of a narrow road.

"Everything was still," Mrs. Roby said, "and the country around seemed as lonely and uninhabited as a long-forgotten graveyard. In a moment two or three thousand savage-eyed black men with spears and shields appeared as if from the ground, and surrounded me. The men were repulsively ugly, and fear-stricken streaks of brilliant red paint marked out the lines of their eyes and mouths."

"The chief demanded that I should stay in his village, but I refused. Fortunately, I had my revolver and several guns with me, and that seemed to terrify the most evil-looking of my unwelcome visitors, but it was a long time before I could quite placate them. The chief, I heard later, had sounded his people from night and had called his people from miles around to 'see the white woman-father,' but, unfortunately for the audience, I did not attract much of a crowd."

Mrs. Roby has a very poor opinion of the natives of the lower Congo. She declares that the missionaries have spoiled them. "Their insolence is absolutely abominable," she said. "I won't work, they will say, 'and if you touch me I shall make a report to the magistrate.'"

"My experience has taught me that the mission boy is the biggest rogue, thief, and murderer, even that one can find."

This is the second journey Mrs. Roby has undertaken in the Congo, and in all she has covered some 500 miles through some of the wildest and most isolated parts of the country.

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The captain with his men—about 300—dashed in pursuit. A third of the little troop was shot down, and for a moment the remainder paused. The captain slipped his sword and his revolver into his belt, quickly lit a cigarette under the deadly hail of bullets, and with his hands behind his back strode quietly toward the enemy.

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But reinforcements came, and a few minutes later Mustafa Pasha had fallen. That evening King Ferdinand congratulated Captain Tadjer, and next morning he was awarded the Croix de Guerre. Captain Tadjer from his place and planned the cross of valor on his uniform, saying: "Captain Tadjer, the Bulgarian army is honored by numbering you among its heroes. Yesterday you gave an example of bravery and sacrifice to your country. I make you a chief of battalion. I make you a commander of the Order of Valor."

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The man who sits downing in sorrow, or this body is a son who is taking his dead father back to the village cemetery. When he has buried him he will go back and fight.

WOMEN IN STARA
ZAGORA CATHEDRAL
OFFERING CANDLES FOR
RELATIVES IN
BATTLE

LONDON, Nov. 23.—When the alien immigration board met yesterday afternoon at the office, Great Tower street, it was stated that in Russia there is fear that the country may go to war and reservists are hurrying away to avoid being called up.

They are responsible to their superiors for the health of the chief of staff. Hundreds of men may fall unnoticed in the battlefields. These are the fortunes of war. But the general must not risk a child. On his temperature depends the fate of the Serbian army that he has formed, marshaled and launched on its triumphal progress through Turkey.

General Putnik is a purely Serbian product. He was, in his youth, devoted to mathematics and metallurgy. His active career in the army was terminated some years ago, when he retired as a colonel to give himself up with passion to the study of war tactics.

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ELOPING WIFE AND
LOVER SUICIDESTracked by Wronged Husband
They Kill Themselves on
His Arrival

CALCUTTA, Nov. 23.—A love tragedy, involving the deaths of a man and woman well known in Calcutta, has just occurred at Mount Abu, Rajputana. The woman was a Mrs. Campbell, wife of Hamilton Campbell, of Calcutta, and the man N. Winder, who came out to India ten months ago as an assistant in the Bank of Bengal. He was a young man of 24, a native of Somerset.

Both lived at the Grand Hotel, Calcutta, and Winder and Mrs. Campbell were very friendly. Mr. Campbell went "up-country" some time ago. When he returned to Calcutta his wife and Mr. Winder had disappeared.

Mr. Campbell sought the aid of the staffs of the criminal investigation department throughout India. Detectives brought him news that Mr. Winder and a woman had gone to Mount Abu, near Bombay, whether he and his brother-in-law followed.

Mr. Campbell arrived in Mount Abu, and went straight to the dak bungalow (a kind of hotel provided for travelers by the government). It was his arrival which precipitated the tragedy.

Mrs. Campbell was in the front garden of the dak bungalow when she saw her husband coming up the drive. She rushed into the room where Winder was and said: "He's coming; I cannot see him; shoot me." Winder replied: "No, I cannot shoot you. Here's the revolver; shoot yourself."

Thereupon Mrs. Campbell took the revolver, put the muzzle in her mouth, and said to Winder: "You pull the trigger." He did so; then put the revolver to his own mouth and pulled the trigger again. Mr. Campbell rushed into the room and his wife died almost immediately in his presence. Winder was mortally wounded, but still alive. He died five minutes later.

Mrs. Campbell, it is said, left a letter to be given to her husband. "No, I cannot shoot you. Here's the revolver; shoot yourself."

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SERBIA'S WAR CHIEF
NOTED HYPOCHONDRIACGreat General Who Fights and
Wins Battles in an
Armchair

HORROR OF DRAUGHTS

Every Precaution Taken to Pre-
vent Him Getting a Chill
in Camp

BELGRADE, Nov. 23.—A crabbled, wheezy hypochondriac in a cushioned armchair, a shawl on his knees, a muffler round his throat, with a chart on the table before him, a cup of black coffee in his hand—that is General Putnik, the organizer of the Serbian plan of campaign.

His active soldiering days are long past. He has made three campaigns and was a brilliant leader in his time. He is out of touch with the new generation, and his acquaintance with existing conditions is drawn from interviews with responsible military experts here in his own overheated room. One long glance at the face of his visitors, and his eyes are not again lifted from the chart. A few, a very few, questions, fewer notes, figures mostly scribbled on the margin, in a nervous, hurried hand, and he resumes his inactivity apparently oblivious of his visitor or the visitor's remarks.

There is no formal close to the interview. Whether the one-voiced colloquy be carried on for half an hour or for two minutes, there is no sign of weariness or fatigue. A faint grunt shows his acquiescence, as the visitor rises to withdraw, and as the door opens he draws his rug more closely round him.

The general has a horror of draughts. While the fire he is sitting at Prepatel Prehava, Kumanova, Ferisovitch and Pristina, General Putnik travels doggedly in the armchair. His carriage is steam heated, trembling lieutenants hover in the corridor, huddled for a cough or a sneeze from the sanctum inside.

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